

The Times' Daily Short Story.

A RESCUE AT SEA

(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.)

The brig Foam, bound from Liverpool to the West Indies and having on board 250 English emigrants, had been for four days a drifting wreck when sighted by the Dolphin of Bremen. It happened that an American man-of-war to which I belonged as an enlisted man put into that port for some slight repairs, and twelve of us deserted to go aboard of the Dolphin. It does not excuse our action to say that the captain brought this desertion about by the promise of high wages. He wanted a crew and did not care how the men came to him.

We had been twelve days out when we sighted the Foam as she lay wallowing in the trough of the sea, a complete wreck aloft. After a brief look at her through the glass the captain began cursing his ill luck. As a matter of fact, we had neither room, water nor provisions to spare, and the ship was loaded down to the mark with cargo, but when we heard our officers propose to pass the wreck without notice every man of the twelve was ready for mutiny. We demanded that communication be opened with the unfortunate people, and after a good deal of growling the Dolphin ran down to the wreck and sent a boat to her.

The report of the mate when he returned was to the effect that the people were on quarter allowance, with much sickness among the women and children, and that they desired to abandon the wreck and be taken aboard of the ship. We had spare spars aboard, and the captain offered to sell three or four sticks for about three times their value, the payment to be made in gold on delivery. The brig declined this "generous" offer, as the crew was satisfied that the shattered hull could never be worked into port, even if fully provisioned besides.

Our captain was holding off, not wishing to take the unfortunate and yet afraid of us, when a squall came on, and he attempted to sail away. The whole crew, including the second mate, at once refused duty. The captain and first mate then declared their authority at end and went below, but we were not to be bluffed. The second mate was installed as captain, and two hours later all the people on the wreck had been transferred. It was in good time, too, as a gale came on that lasted for three days and must have sent the brig to the bottom.

We had landed and taken possession of the ship, but we felt that circumstances justified it. Neither insult nor harm was offered the two officers. They made many threats as to the punishment we should receive when the ship arrived in port, but we stood

firm and kept clear of any further quarrels. Our craft had no accommodation whatever for passengers, and you can imagine the mess we were in when that crowd was taken aboard. The captain not only flatly refused to take charge of the navigation, but would have nothing whatever to do with the unfortunate. He could have sheltered many women and children in the cabin, but not even the sick ones were invited to make use of it. Everybody aboard had to be put on short allowance at once, and a shift was made whereby the women and children were at least sheltered.

After a general consultation it was decided to make for the Bermudas, and on the fourth day after taking the people off the wreck we sighted an American ship and secured from her a fair supply of water and a quantity of flour and biscuits. It was a run of seven days more to the islands, and during the last three days no adult had food enough to keep down the pangs of hunger. None of us believed that we could be punished for taking the ship out of the captain's hands to save human life, and I am sure we would not have been meddled with but for the presence of a British man-of-war in port. As soon as our captain could board the craft and report all of us were arrested and flung into prison to await the action of the law. I never found out just where they intended to send us for trial, but presume it was Bremen.

For some reason or other there was a long delay, and at length matters were complicated by our being claimed as deserters from an American man-of-war. The people whom we had saved were grateful enough, to be sure, but all others looked upon us as a lot of pirates who ought to have been hung as soon as captured. When we had been in jail five months we got word from an American who was pretty thoroughly posted on the case that we should soon be sent away for trial and that we might expect at least five years' imprisonment apiece.

This news decided us to make an attempt to break jail, and one night a week later, using tools which a guard had been bribed to pass in to us, we sawed away the bars of a window and gained our liberty. Proceeding to the harbor, we found an American vessel ready to sail, and before our escape was discovered we were miles at sea. Five of us afterward surrendered to the naval authorities as deserters and took our punishment, but what became of the others I do not know.

To save the lives of almost 300 fellow beings we were driven to mutiny on the high seas, and while it would seem to have been both a noble and heroic action, and one that we should have received credit for, nothing but misfortune and disgrace grew out of it. The contemptible action of our captain even found excusers, though it was plain that had he had his way the wreck would have taken every soul to the bottom with her.

M. QUAD.

SIRENS AND SONS.

Mr. Lieht, the Democratic candidate for mayor of Geneva, N. Y., was elected by one vote.

Cardinal Satolli, former papal delegate to this country, will visit the United States next year.

Professor von Behring of Marburg, discoverer of diphtheria serum, has been awarded the title of "excellency" by the German government.

Senator Gibson of Montana, seventy-three years of age and a widower, is said to be the next venerable statesman in the line of matrimony.

So far as is known there is only one person in Europe at present who has a name without any vowels, and that is M. Srib, the mayor of Prague.

Morris Salmonson, for seventeen years marriage license clerk in Chicago, is able to write fluently as well as talk Yiddish, German, French, Italian, Danish and Swedish and is at present studying Bohemian.

Million Hunt is especially honored among Chicago's merchants. He is eighty-two years old. In 1848 he shipped the first train load of bags to Chicago. The consignment was the first freight brought into Chicago by rail.

The new British governor of Hongkong, Sir Matthew Nathan, is an Israelite who has been in public life for a number of years. He commanded a

portion of the expedition which went to the relief of "Chinese" Gordon at Khartoum.

When Judge W. H. Taft assumes the war department portfolio he will sit at the same desk which his father, Alphonso Taft, occupied while holding the same office under President Grant. The elder Taft occupied the post only a few months, when he became attorney general.

Walter B. Stevens, secretary of the Louisiana Purchase exposition, has a personal acquaintance with nearly all the public men of this country. He has been a reporter, city editor and Washington correspondent. He has attended every national convention since 1872 and has known every president from Grant to Roosevelt.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

Electric lights in use in this country every day equal 320,000,000 candles. The French government is about to employ electric cables insulated with paper as the result of successful experiments.

In regard to the gross income of electric lighting plants the data show that the private plants average 10.3 per cent of their cost and the municipal average 51.5. The average salary to officials and clerks is \$800 per annum for private plants and \$482 per annum for municipals.

BETTER THAN THE AUTO

Missouri Mules Recommended to Carry the Mails.

EULOGIZED BY A POSTMASTER.

The Least Never Blown Up or Gets Out of Order, Says S. J. Wilson of Macon, Mo., and Can Always Be Reasoned Into Further Effort With a Club.

Since the experiment with an automobile to carry the mail on the ten mile rural route near Macon, Mo., S. J. Wilson, postmaster at that place, has received many letters from rural route carriers asking for details, says the Kansas City Star. One is from the government's servant who works out of Bunker Hill, Ill. He wants to know: "What kind of roads do you have in Missouri? Have you any bad clay hills and swamps? Will the thing run all right through mud and water up to the bed? How much does it set a man back financially? How many horse or mule-power is it? My route is twenty-five and a half miles, has fifty-three clay hills and four swamps, almost impassable."

In reply the Macon postmaster wrote: "It is true that one of our carriers made an experimental trip over his route with a fourteen horse power gasoline automobile, but the roads were in good condition. Our roads are mostly earth, and in muddy weather they're bad, but it's very muddy. Under such conditions it seems to be necessary for a driver to have something to which to express his opinion. If his automobile stuck in the mud he might 'reason' with it all day, and it would have no effect in relieving the man's feelings. With a mule it is different."

"I note with interest that there are fifty-three clay hills and four swamps on your route. If that is the situation I should advise a flying machine with a rowboat attachment. You might tunnel under your route, in which case an auto might go through dry shoal. Fearing these suggestions might involve greater expense than you would care to assume, I might venture as the next best thing the famous bird of paradise, commonly called the Missouri mule. A Missouri mule will go where no automobile in the land would dare to tread. He will haul you over those fifty-three clay hills or kick holes through them and go under. Nothing will discourage him. We use 'em on all our routes, and I know. You never have to stop to fix him."

"You don't have to take a monkey wrench and a kit of tools along. A good stout club is the only instrument you will need. There's no danger of his blowing up. Difficult roads only enthrall him to greater effort. After colliding with a tree or fence or house the automobile is sent to the junk shop, while the mule is only better and stronger after each collision. It's the thing he runs against that goes to the scrap pile. A mule eats more than an automobile, but he gives greater results. I have written you at length because it is a subject on which I have some feeling. And I know some men absolutely devoid of sentiment who have at least a dozen places of feeling occasioned by an intimate acquaintance with the Missouri mule."

BUFFALO BILL'S SCARFPIN.

Old Scout Tells General Miles About King Edward's Gift and Patti.

General Nelson A. Miles and Colonel W. F. Cody met a few days ago in Chicago. The Chronicle of that city says that General Miles, noticing a scarfpin worn by Buffalo Bill, asked him where he got it.

"That pin?" laughed Colonel Cody. "It's a sparkler, isn't it? That's the gift of King Ed. Say, he's a bully fellow. Ever meet him?"

General Miles had met him and described the meeting; but, seeing his eyes still fixed on the scarfpin, Colonel Cody began a story. "That pin was swiped once in London," he said; "disappeared all of a sudden, and with it these cuff buttons. Yes, sir; gone clean as a whistle. You know, it's not every day that a king gives a fellow a scarfpin, and I was mighty proud of it. I got all Scotland Yard after that pin, but nary a trace of it did they find. Then I turned my scouts and Indians loose. Say, the way the Indians hit the trail was a caution. They hadn't been gone more'n a few hours till one old buck hiked in with the pin. One of the show boys had got hard up and pawned the whole outfit."

"Any new stories?" queried the general. "Any new ones?" And the colonel laughed. "Why, any number. You see, Patti came across on the same steamer I did. We are old friends, you know, and she asked me to tell her some wild west yarns. Well, I told her all I knew, and still she wasn't satisfied. So I had to go on inventing them until the end of the trip. Pretty well stocked now, thank you?"

Amtry in the Catacombs. A group of tourists including English and American visitors had a most unpleasant experience in the catacombs recently, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Herald. They were proceeding with a guide in single file through a narrow gallery. One gentleman stopped to examine an inscription. Those ahead of him walked on, thus cutting the party in two. When the latter half tried to rejoin the first they took a wrong turning and lost themselves. For two hours the party wandered from gallery to gallery till they found an outlet. As people have starved to death in the catacombs, the ladies of the party were much terrified.

MONSTER OF AWFUL FORM.

Horrible Winged Bees That Appeared in an Iowa Town.

The town of Van Meter, Ia., containing 1,000 persons, is terribly wrought up by what is described as a horrible monster. The thing, whatever it is, put in an appearance one night about three weeks ago. U. G. Griffith, an implement dealer, drove into town at 1 o'clock a. m. and saw what seemed to be an electric search light on Maher & Gregg's store. While he gazed it sailed across to another building and then disappeared.

His story was not believed next day. But the following night Dr. A. C. Olcott, who sleeps in his office on the principal street, was awakened by a bright light shining in his face.

He grabbed a shotgun and ran outside the building, where he saw a monster, seemingly half human and half beast, with great batlike wings. A dazzling light that fairly blinded him came from a blunt, hornlike protuberance in the middle of the animal's forehead, and it gave off a stupefying odor that almost overcame him.

The doctor discharged his weapon and fled into his office, barring doors and windows, and remained there in abject terror until morning.

Peter Duim, cashier of the only bank in the town, fearing bank robbery, loaded a repeating shotgun with shells filled with buckshot and prepared to guard his funds next night. At 2 o'clock he was blinded by the presence of a light of great intensity.

Eventually he recovered his senses sufficiently to distinguish the monster and fired through the window. The plate glass and sash were torn out and the monster disappeared. Next morning imprints of great three toed feet were discernible in the soft earth. Plaster casts of them were taken.

That night Dr. O. V. White saw the monster climbing down a telephone pole, using a hook much in the manner of a parrot. As it struck the ground it seemed to travel in leaps like a kangaroo, using its huge, featherless wings to assist. It gave off no light. He fired at it, and he believes he wounded it. The shot was followed by an overpowering odor. Sidney Gregg, attracted by the shot, saw the monster dying away.

But the climax came the following night. The whole town was aroused by this time. Professor Martin, prin-



incipal of the schools, decided that from the description it was an antediluvian animal.

Shortly after midnight J. L. Platt, foreman of the brick plant, heard a peculiar sound in an abandoned mine, and as the men had reported a similar sound before a body of volunteers started an investigation. Presently the monster emerged from the shaft, accompanied by a smaller one. A score of shots were fired without effect.

The whole town was aroused, and a vigil was maintained the rest of the night, but without result until just at dawn, when the two monsters returned and disappeared down the shaft.

PRISONER IN PRIVATE CAR.

An Exciting Experience of J. P. Morgan's Nephew.

Somebody locked the door of J. P. Morgan's private car Alameda in Washington the other day, and Frederick Morgan, a nephew of the financier, was forced to remain in the car, an unwilling prisoner, until it reached Wilmington, Del.

When the Chesapeake and Ohio flier, which runs over the Pennsylvania tracks from Washington to New York, drew into French street station at Wilmington John Brennan, a car inspector, was attracted by a pounding on one of the windows of the Alameda. Looking in, he saw young Mr. Morgan making frantic signals.

Brennan tried to get into the car, but could not open the door. With Brennan's help, Mr. Morgan managed to open one of the windows, and Brennan crawled in and picked the lock of the door. Mr. Morgan said that he was very uneasy lest there should be an accident while he was imprisoned in the car.



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IN BOSTON MARKETS.

Quotations on the Leading Products That Are in Demand.

Boston, Nov. 18.—Butter has been quiet all the week, with a somewhat easier feeling owing to larger receipts and free offerings of refrigerator stock. Northern creamery, round lots, 23¢/24¢; western, 22¢/23¢; Vermont dairy, 20¢/21¢; renovated butter, 17¢/19¢.

Cheese holds steady for choice, though trade is quiet. Round lots, Vermont twins, 11¢/12¢; New York twins, 11¢/12¢/13¢.

There is a very thin market for eggs, especially for all choice fresh gathered. Refrigerator eggs are being offered freely. Western fresh, 26¢/30¢; eastern, 30¢/35¢; nearby, 35¢/40¢; refrigerator, 22¢/23¢.

Receipts of beans are moderate and the market is steady, though the demand is light. Canadian lots, pea, \$2.25; medium, \$2.25; yellow eyes, \$3.50/3.75; red kidney, \$3.50/3.75; California small white, \$2.00; foreign pea and medium, \$2.10/2.20; jobbing, 5¢/10¢ more.

There is an excellent demand for choice eating apples, but the supply is still limited. Common apples are in full supply and going slowly at easy prices. Maine pippins, \$1.25/1.75; Harvies, \$2.25/2.50; snows, \$2.50/3.50; Kings, \$2.50/3.50; Baldwin's, \$1.75/2.25; greenings, \$1.75/2.25; Hubbardston and Hubbardston, \$1.50/2.00; pound and Tallman sweets, \$1.50/2.00. The apple shipments from Boston for the week were 48,013 bbls.

Cranberries are steady at \$2.25 per bx and \$4.50/7 per bbl.

Domestic grapes sell at 17¢ per bush for Concord, 25¢ for Niagara, 18¢ for Vermeuse and 15¢ for Catawbas. All other grapes are selling at \$3.75 per bbl. California Tokay grapes are quoted at \$1.50/2.00; Cornillon, \$1.75/2.00; Empress, \$1.75/2.00.

Chestnuts are selling at \$0.45/0.50 per bu. Table nuts are in full supply and are selling at: Walnuts, 14¢/15¢ per lb.; cashew, 10¢; pecans, 8¢/10¢; filberts, 10¢; almonds, 12¢/15¢; hickory, \$2.50 per bu.

Potatoes are very firm at the recent advance, with a good demand. Arctic took lemons, 7¢; Green mountains, 7¢/7.5¢; sweets, Norfolk cloth heads, \$1.40/1.50; Jersey, double heads, \$2.25/2.50.

Native celery is selling at 60¢/75¢ per doz. bunch; Pascal, \$1 per doz. Onions are quoted at: Spanish, large cts, \$2.25; natives, 75¢ per bu; bbls, \$1.50/2.

Tomatoes are quoted at \$1 per bu for green.

Cucumbers sell at \$1.25 per bx. Yellow turnips are selling at 8¢ per bbl; white French, \$1.25/1.50 per bbl; white, 35¢ per bu; beets, 8¢ per bu; carrots, 75¢ per bu; parsnips, 60¢/75¢ per bu.

Marrow squashes are quoted at \$1.25 per bbl for native; Bay state, \$1.25 per bbl; turban, \$1.75 per bbl. By the ton squashes are quoted at \$20¢/25¢.

Cabbages sell at 35¢ each for native, Savoy, 65¢ per bbl; red, 75¢ per bx.

Lettuce is quoted at 40¢/50¢ per doz for loosehead; radishes, 30¢ per doz; mint, 40¢ per doz; cress, 40¢ per doz; leeks, 40¢ per doz; oyster plant, \$1 per doz.

String beans sell at \$4¢/5¢ for green. Spinach is quoted at 25¢ per bu; parsley, both ways, 50¢/75¢ per bu; peppers, \$1 per bu; eggplant, \$3.50 per ct. Cauliflower is quoted at \$1.25/1.50 per long bx.

Brussels sprouts sell at 10¢/12¢ per qt; beet greens, 35¢ per bu.

Prices on pork provisions are revised. There continues to be a rather moderate supply of hogs offering for current market purposes. The quality of current offering is almost uniformly good. Prices have been further reduced, and the average for prominent markets is \$4.75 per 100 pounds.

There is a little better feeling in fresh beef, with the market cleaned up fairly well. The arrivals of fresh beef

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have been lighter, both for export and for local consumption.

There is a steady market for muttons and lambs; veals are firm. Western fall lambs, 70¢/80¢; spring lambs, 80¢/90¢; yearlings, 55¢/60¢; muttons, 55¢/60¢; veals, 60¢/70¢.

Poultry is quiet, prices steady. Turkeys, northern, 20¢/22¢; western, 18¢/20¢; chickens, 15¢/16¢; western, large, 12¢/13¢; medium, 11¢/12¢; fowls, northern, 13¢; western, 11¢/11.5¢; ducks, 17¢/18¢.

There is very little change to note in the hay market, though the situation is somewhat easier. Receipts continue heavy and the demand is light. Straw is quiet with light offerings; millfeed is unchanged. Hay, No. 1, \$18¢/19¢; lower grades, \$15¢/16¢; ryegrass, \$21¢/22¢; oat straw, \$10¢/11¢.

The week in the wheat market was one of large receipts and forced liquidation. Western markets were steadily tending downward, owing to heavy receipts in the northwest, and an improvement in the quality of offerings. The decline did not attract export buying, until late in wheat, and in fact not until the market had rallied slightly.

There was an increase in the flour output at Minneapolis last week of only 5500 bbls. All 22 Minneapolis mills are in operation at full capacity, and all conditions, including a splendid water power, are favorable for heavy running. Besides, inside of 30 days it will be necessary to ship all-rail, which will mean 162¢ per 100 lbs higher cost for transportation, and 30¢ should the proposed advance in rates on Dec. 1 be enforced. Trade with Minneapolis mills varied a good deal for the week, some selling in excess of their output, while others fell short of that mark.

GREEN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Previous Attempt on Life of "Father of Greater New York."

A close friend of the late Andrew H. Green of New York, Edward Haggman Hall, recently recalled that the shooting was not the first attempt made on Mr. Green's life, says the New York Tribune.

"Mr. Green always spent his summers," said Mr. Hall, "on his old home- stead of several hundred acres, occupying a slightly eminence in the northern part of Worcester, Mass., and called Green Hill. The place had been in the family for five generations, and the large and hospitable house was the repository of Mr. Green's library, heirlooms, and works of art. The whole upper floor of the house was devoted to a museum containing family heirlooms, personal relics and curiosities from all nations."

"The last time I visited Mr. Green at Green Hill he showed me in this collection an infernal machine which had been sent to him when he was comptroller of the city of New York. It was during the Tweed regime, when corruption was running riot and fresh revelations were daily coming to light, that public sentiment forced the appointment of Mr. Green to the office of comptroller in place of Cohnolly. Mr. Green kept the thieves at bay and aroused the bitter hatred of those who had been feeding unlawfully on the city's treasury. He received many threatening letters, but paid no attention to them."

"One day he received through the mail a package about ten inches long, six inches wide and two inches thick, prepaid at letter rates and almost covered on one side with postage stamps. Mr. Green's suspicions were aroused, and before it was opened it was thoroughly soaked in water. When the wrappers were removed it was found to contain a box with a sliding cover. The box was filled with loose gunpowder, in which were scattered a handful of revolver cartridges. At one end of the box friction matches were fastened upright, with their heads in contact with the under side of the sliding cover, and on that side of the cover was fastened some sandpaper. It was evidently the expectation of the villain who sent it to Mr. Green that when he opened it the matches would explode the powder and cartridges and kill him. The powder, cartridges and matches were still in the box when Mr. Green showed me the infernal machine and gave me the foregoing details."

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